



Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB *Magazine*

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periodical.*



Greetings
and Best Wishes
for
A Merry New Year



For all Club Members and their Families



Established 14th May, 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

Sydney

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The CLUBMAN'S Corner



LOOKING fit after a trip to
Colombo: Michael L'Estrange.

LEFT for the U.K.: John Melville.

W. C. (BILL) ALLEN still
breasts the first floor bar in
the club to drink a round or two
with fellow members—but in
water!

BILL BROOKS, on ginger ale
by doctor's orders until he re-
covers completely from his ill-
ness, whispered to Bill Allen as
he sank his second glass: "Per-
haps you don't know that during
your absence overseas the Water
Board applied restrictions. The
obligation is on the member, not
the club."

GREETING

*We wish you that without
alloy—*

We wish you joy.

*When Fortune scowls, a
fearsome wraith—*

We wish you faith.

*What time you should with
trouble cope—*

We wish you hope.

*This else: from all your
pangs surcease—*

We wish you peace.

CONVALESCING after an
operation: E. C. Bracken.

TRIBUTE from a club member:

Good-bye to Henry Coleman,
grand fellow, whose friendship
was unwavering over 40 years.
He told me at Randwick in the
recent past that he was a wise
man who patterned his life with
an appreciation of time—time
that had passed and time that
remained.

HENRY added: "Really, old
pal, is a racecourse the right
place to philosophise?" I said:
"The appeal of a racecourse is
that there the philosophers turn
punters, and the punters, when
the wind is not behind them,
turn philosophers, if they are
wise."

EDITORIAL: Toasting Laughter

*Through laughter the hardest strokes of fortune
have been borne. Men and women prefer to
"smile through their tears", to play the comedy
role, rather than to bare a breaking heart.*

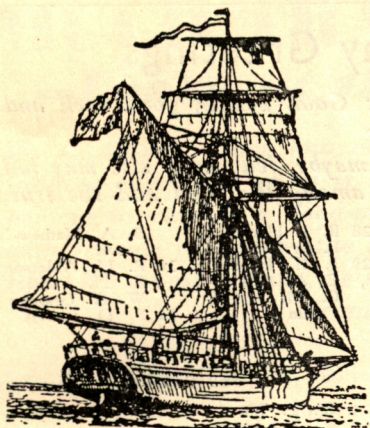
*Human nature is of sturdy growth. It survives
because it endures; it is nurtured in laughter
rather than coddled in tears. If the surrenders
to suffering were abject and unconditional, man
would not prevail as lord of creation. He would
become too degenerate to rule, if not to live;
too dull and dismal to inspire or create the
qualities that promote greatness.*

*Thus, man laughs through instinct and training
at sorrow.*

*The dramatic and spectacular capitulations—as
in the case of a clown who paused recently in
his capers and swallowed poison—are few and,
with all their poignancy, clownish.*

*The majority preserve the light-hearted pose;
the heart may be breaking, but it is never
bared.*

*Of such stuff are the heroes and the heroines.
Their unrecorded deeds are chapters lost to the
book of life's epics. All the burdened hearts, in
fact, are masked, and beneath laughter are often
sad strains. But it is laughter that is the flute
note which exalts at all times, but particularly
in the festive season.*



*May Fortune pay your honor
at her court,
Nor stint her measure.
May all your ships come
safely into port
Laden with treasure.*

W. I. (BILL) HILL throws off the preoccupations of his wool-broking business in a game of billiards or snooker. He plays what opponents describe as a conversational game, keeping up an amusing commentary, but caring little whether he wins or loses; and so the opposition gets a lot for his money even should he have to pay up.

JOHN T. JENNINGS told at luncheon in club of a session in Randwick Council—when he was a member and before he became Mayor—memorable for the fact that an alderman moved that Randwick race-course be sub-divided into home building blocks. That was 'way back in 1910. The mover did not get a second.

BERNIE STAPLETON, busy business man, travels a good deal nowadays but looks in at the club as often as opportunity permits.

IF a cricket quiz were conducted in the club Alf Grounds would be odds on.

STAN LAMOND has the happy knack of never passing a friend in club without a greeting. That goes for moments of concentration, as on settling day, or in leisure. He is reputed not to fail even with persons walking against the light on entering from Elizabeth Street. This is a severe test, but Stan seems to pick 'em out as he would his own horses working in a fog.

FRANK UNDERWOOD, S.T.C. committeeman, and former committeeman of this club, was not with us this season. Those stout legs which served him so well as an international R.U. have let him down temporarily. Here is a message from many with fond memories of the veteran: "Good health and happiness in 1956."

CONDOLENCES

We regret to announce the deaths of **Lionel Manchee**; elected 30/10/33, died 4/11/55; **A. S. Harrison**, elected 23/2/42, died 3/12/55.

OUT of hospital: Tom Muir; convalescing at home.

OUT of hospital and back in club: Lionel Bloom.

RETURNED from abroad: Col. Edwin Penfold.

ALF GENGE

ONE OF THE older members said on hearing of Alf Genge's death at 95: "It seems as if a stanchion supporting the club and familiar down the years, has been torn from its position by time".

Alf Genge, who died on December 18, had been so long among us — he became a member in 1889 — that he was regarded as a fixture, something built in that the progressing years could not deteriorate or dissociate from the club structure. Besides, he was well-liked and he retained a surprisingly youthful outlook.

Alf had a ready wit, too. Once when asked to conjure up the picture of Carbine's Melbourne Cup (1890), he riposted: "I wasn't born then. All I know about Carbine is what my grandfather passed on".

That was Alf's philosophy of life, his face always toward the rising sun.

He was a daily attendant at the club until a year or so ago; debonair, flower in buttonhole, and his only concession to the early years of the century, a hard-hitter hat.

You may bet the veteran will remain with us, a sprightly spirit.

A. A. (BERT) RITCHIE, managing director of Angus & Robertson, is a regular visitor to the club, saying: "There's no finer tonic for the busy businessman than meeting his friends in their leisure hour."

It is pleasing to see members using the facilities of the club for entertaining. During December the club was booked out for functions.

RECORD SALE

AMERICAN COLT Nashua has been sold for the world's record figure of 1,251,200 dollars, which is equivalent to £570,000 Australian. He is the second highest stake winner in United States racing history with earnings totalling 945,415 dollars (£A429,738). Nashua was formerly owned by the late 35-years-old millionaire, William Woodward Jr., who was killed by his wife in a shooting accident on October 30.

Nashua was sold to Mr. Leslie Coombes, of Spendthrift Farm, Lexington (Kentucky). Eleven bids were received for Nashua. The Woodward Estate executors announced that Belair Stud had been dissolved. The total realised for all 62 horses was 1,866,200 dollars.

There will be no immediate announcement from Mr. Coombes whether Nashua will race again.

HENRY BRASCH

FITTING tribute was paid by a Sydney "Daily Mirror" writer to Henry Moss Brasch, who joined this club 26/8/1918 and died 14/12/55.

"Time gets us all in good time; and time was up for Henry Brasch, my old friend over the long years with whom I took lunch once or twice a week. He was chairman of Reuben Brasch Pty. Ltd., established by his brother Reuben, a gifted man. Henry retained his lively faculties until the past year or so when he began to slip back into the world of people and customs of his heyday. He was kindly, tolerant, charitable."

It's a great kindness to trust people with a secret. They feel so important while telling it to others.

Happy Birthday Greetings

An old greeting, but ever new: Good health, good luck and a toast to you!

Though your days be many or, maybe, few, what else may fail you, what else you rue, count us among the tried and the true.

JANUARY

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 R. B. Shankly | 16 A. C. W. Hill |
| 2 R. J. Burnham | P. Riolo |
| G. H. W. Murphy | H. A. Bright |
| 3 K. McKinney | 17 G. F. Radford |
| J. O'Riordan | F. J. Robertson |
| Alan Stewart | 18 F. S. Martin |
| A. E. Newton | R. T. Longworth |
| J. McKendrick | R. K. Montgomery |
| H. Wittig | D. D. Sheehy |
| F. W. L. Williams | 19 L. H. Ford |
| 4 J. E. Bayley | 20 C. V. Dunlop |
| 5 H. E. Davis | E. J. Wales |
| T. J. Flitcroft | L. H. Howarth |
| G. D. Schrader | W. G. Marshall |
| G. O. Bourke | Arthur McCamley |
| 6 A. A. Ellis | 21 C. F. Viner |
| A. M. Flanders | Hall |
| 7 J. L. Geraghty | F. E. Ezzy |
| J. N. Dow | W. A. Fraser |
| J. E. Sanderson | P. Barnes |
| Dr. E. McMahon | 22 John Hunter |
| A. Bellingham | R. M. Kain |
| L. D. Trafford | A. J. McGill |
| 8 F. G. Spurway | J. J. Hall |
| 9 R. A. Sharpe | D. T. Frisk |
| L. G. Kluver | W. S. Waterhouse |
| B. M. Salmon | 23 A. K. Quist |
| W. Edwards | H. R. W. Humbley |
| F. H. Harris | J. W. K. Gregson |
| J. L. Geraghty | Dr. T. M. Armstrong |
| 10 A. E. W. Simons | G. H. Elliott |
| Stan. Clements | L. M. Fienberg |
| 11 Col. T. L. F. Rutledge | R. F. Scarf |
| 12 E. S. Jenkins | 25 D. G. Hyles |
| J. J. Hall | C. B. Dwyer |
| 13 T. R. Boyce | 26 A. C. Ingham |
| Len Kirkby | W. S. Edwards |
| A. B. Moran | Bruce Kennedy |
| E. L. Curtis | I. T. W. Stokes |
| 14 W. C. Allen | 27 Leonard Norman |
| W. C. Wurth | L. S. Levenson |
| V. J. McCarthy | |
| T. L. Casey | |
| P. E. Burke | |
| P. C. von Hake | |
| 15 G. P. Pratten | |
| O. H. Smith | |

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 28 R. J. Harris | B. A. Mathewson |
| L. G. Kaleski | 30 R. H. Alderson |
| 29 J. E. Head | R. H. Parker |
| C. A. Arnott | W. A. Granger |
| C. M. McCallum | 31 F. D. Powell |

FEBRUARY

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 W. T. Wood | 16 M. D. McDonald |
| 2 A. V. Miller | John English |
| P. M. Woodward | E. D. Forrest |
| 3 R. A. Pedlingham | T. T. Cook |
| R. J. Bartley | 17 W. W. Rogers |
| A. A. Luciano | K. B. Higgins |
| 4 T. F. Wilkie | G. M. Waring |
| 5 Dr. R. J. Kristenson | 18 H. Israel |
| Bruce Chiene | H. A. Kelly |
| J. D. Kelaher | C. T. Spinks |
| A. E. Orbell | 19 J. D. Hathaway |
| W. A. Grainger | 20 A. J. Howarth |
| 6 C. O. Chambers | John Torpy |
| T. S. Prescott | A. L. McCauley |
| Harry Plant | R. W. Sharpe |
| P. G. Goldstein | 21 C. E. Fortescue |
| J. D. Hillier | A. G. Allen |
| 7 Con Murray | G. W. Noe |
| 8 A. J. M. Kelly | 23 P. A. Shields |
| T. O. Cummings | 24 J. W. G. Muir |
| G. B. Cullen | W. S. Newton |
| T. O. Ziems | H. Coy |
| 9 A. E. Crutten-den | 25 G. M. Nacard |
| 10 H. Bonomini | N. H. Bishop |
| R. C. Brown | W. A. McFadden |
| M. O. Larkins | den |
| 11 P. N. Roach | 26 S. C. Canfield |
| 12 W. E. Black | P. H. V. Holmes |
| J. F. McInerney | 27 Keith Holmes |
| S. N. Carter | H. L. Norton |
| 13 H. M. Norton | 28 S. Goldhill |
| 14 A. M. Bolot | J. K. Monro |
| 15 W. T. Connelly | N. Wheeler |
| Colin Bowes | V. L. Kirby |
| | W. T. Kirk |
| | M. "Gulson" |
| | F. L. Bowes |
| | 29 P. J. Gibson |

Members are invited to notify the Secretary of the date of their Birthday.

FALLING TO HIM

John Savieileff, the wrestler, discounted the allegation that he was plain "Bill Jones" under an assumed name. Further, he named Saskatchewan as his birthplace.

Get a good tongue-hold, it's easy to scan:

"John Savieileff of Saskatchewan."

But if that grip fail try catch-as-catch-can:

"John Savieileff of Saskatchewan . . ."

It's only round two, I regret I began,

The thing has me rocking, sagging, and wan—

As I cannot pronounce it, on the mat I would bounce it:

"Johnsavieileffofsaskatchewan!"

MUCH TRAVELLED BILL ALLEN

-Looks at the World of Men and Affairs

W. C. (Bill) Allen has many investments and could indulge expensive tastes if he were so disposed, but he prefers to remain a good-mixing fellow in communion with friends proved by the test of time in all stations of life. His finest returns, he says, come from the Bank of Friendship.

AS an ordinary mortal, Bill Allen has backed a few losers among some who professed friendship, but not so many as to make him as cynical as the fellow who wrote: "When you are climbing the road of success may you never meet a friend."

In the course of worldly affairs, some friendships, like some racehorses, have had to be written off. Their prospects appeared bright at the outset, but the test found them wanting. That's how it goes.

All perfection, even among acquaintances, would not be good. One would be prone to trade in illusions. The occasional jolt is a biological necessity, Bill Allen thinks.

An Old Soldier

For all that, who among club members may count on a longer list of friends? For quality it is necessary to mention merely several: Tom Cook, Bill Brooks and Arthur McCamley.

An editorial written recently in this magazine was based on experience, but Bill claimed for friendship more real triers than that editorial conceded, while agreeing with its overall philosophy.

Bill Allen served with the A.I.F. in World War I for three

years and 22 days. He hopped in at the outset of World War II with an offer of service in any capacity, here or overseas. He was classed among the old and bold, and got cracking.



Mr. W. C. Allen

He was founder and chairman of Voluntary War Transport, providing motor transport for all organisations assisting the war effort, particularly the services and Servicemen's and Ex-Servicemen's associations.

He was founder and president of the Combined Services Sub-branch of the R.S.L. and estab-

lished hostels for service personnel.

HE was metropolitan vice-president of the R.S.L. and its inter-mural State councillor; director of transport for the R.S.L. reception committee; committeeman of Bundles for Britain, known now as the Merchant Navy Club.

In 1944 Bill Allen commenced sponsoring migrants from Britain and Europe. In 1949 he made an extensive tour of Britain and Europe, being accompanied by his wife, and their son, as on subsequent tours.

They visited New Guinea in 1953 and paid homage at the war graves.

Extensive Tour

Last year they toured South Africa, South America, the Caribbean, Britain and Europe on a mission of sponsoring migrants. He talked again in London the necessity for establishing in Sydney a modern accommodation hotel, not of the U.S. luxury type. He has worked out details and costs and is ready to go ahead if and when he can enlist the co-operation of the State Government and the Cumberland County Council.

This inveterate traveller has got more than pleasure out of his jaunts at frequent intervals since 1920. He says: "In the future everyone charged with responsibility will travel for at least three to four months every five or six years."

THE FIRST OLYMPIC GAMES

Every fourth year from all corners of the ancient Greek world competitors, pilgrims and tourists used to pour into the tiny town of Olympia in the West Peloponnese during the month of August.

THROUGHOUT the dozens of warring Greek States the sacred heralds had travelled for months, on horseback or on foot, to proclaim a month's truce for the Games.

By the second day of August the roads leading to Olympia were choked with chariots, foot travellers, litters, and horses, all making for the tiny plateau under the frowning mountains where the two sacred rivers met.

Athenians representing a civilisation which was to inspire the world rubbed shoulders with tough Spartans, citizens of a militaristic police State.

Free men of Corinth and Argos sat in lodging-houses drinking and swapping yarns with islanders from Coreyra and Cos, who spoke in rough, hardly intelligible dialects.

Hillsmen from Aetolia and Acarnania and somewhat barbaric frontiersmen from Macedonia and Thrace dosed down with sumptuously dressed athletes from Lesbos.

For months they had trained for the Games—the hurdling, sprint and long-distance foot races, javelin and discus-throwing events, the wrestling, and chariot racing.

And now they were in Olympia to test their skills under a blazing August sun to win, if possible, the glory of a crown of wild olive.

Peter Green's vivid, evocative description of the Olympic Games 2400 years ago is part of

his frequently fascinating but over-discursive novel about the decay of Athens after the death of Pericles.

In 300 years Olympia had grown from an insignificant village to something like a city which sprang to brief and glorious life for 28 days every four years.

Spartan Kilts

Now cleaners moved through the streets, watering and mopping. Squads of janitors polished the shining colonnades. The stadium and racecourse gleamed white in the sun.

Rugs, carpets and rich brocades were laid throughout the gymnasiums, the banqueting halls and offices of the judges. Fresh straw was daily brought to the stables.

In the streets brown Spartan kilts mingled with the gorgeous

robes of Milesian businessmen and in every available space hucksters plied their trade.

Quack doctors and astrologers set up shop on the narrow pavements fighting for space with the liniment and salve sellers and pitching their lungs against itinerant poets and philosophers reciting their works and offering written copies for sale.

No Women

On the street corners and in the taverns gold skinned "con men" from Syria and Phrygia looked for easy prey among the credulous tribesmen from Boetia and Eubiea.

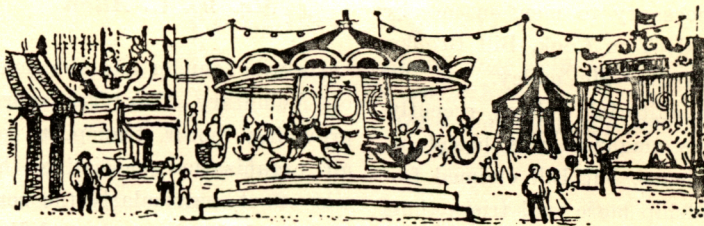
And there was one peculiarity about the city which a stranger might not at first have noticed. There were no women there, for the city was dedicated to the Games. For one month chastity was an easily acquired virtue.

About the fifth day, on a hot afternoon, after the prescribed sacrifices, a blazing torch dropped from the uplifted hand of a Games steward on to the turf of the racecourse.

The Games of Olympia had begun.

Footnote: Foregoing is a review by Sydney "Sunday Telegraph" of "Achilles, His Armour", by Peter Green. Published by John Murray, England.

IN THE FESTIVE SEASON



*Oh, Fred, tell 'em to stop!"
That was the cry of Maria.
But he wouldn't be quelled, "Let 'er go!" he yelled—
And the swing went a little bit higher!*

GREAT HORSES MAY COME BY AIR

There is nothing at all to stop top-class English racehorses from coming to Australia for a specific race, say the Melbourne Cup.

THE carrying of horses by air has reached such a proficiency that the trip could be made without upsetting a horse of ordinary temperament, wrote John Schofield in the "Sunday Telegraph".

This is the view of Bill Jarvis and his son-in-law Arthur Richardson, who took Prince Morvi to America by plane. Jarvis and Richardson are from M. McCarten's stables, and Jarvis has made two previous trips to America with horses, both by sea.

His latest trip was over a record distance of 15,700 miles, made in 14 hops. Prince Morvi went to England, then by way of Iceland and Newfoundland to New York. The horse left Sydney on November 5, and landed in America on November 14.

Jarvis is convinced of the practicability of racing Australian horses in England or English horses in Australia. He said the trip could be made in five or six days. If Jarvis were taking a horse to England he would time the arrival about a fortnight before the race.

Jarvis said the air companies were all keen to engage in the flying of horses between countries. He said: "Every stage of our long trip was watched by the companies. They kept in close touch with us, forever seeking information on the reaction of the horses to the trip. Of course there is a certain amount of risk, but then there are risks by road, rail or by boat. Actually

a normal horse travels well by air once he is aloft. He does not seem to mind the ascent, but he sometimes is disturbed coming down.

"The swaying of a plane worries a horse more than anything else. But for the most time a horse will be contented in a plane, and with Prince Morvi he was unloaded and loaded at stops without any trouble at all. He had just completed a record trip by plane, but he could have raced in a fortnight."

Past Experiences

Several times horses have been taken to England from Australia to race.

The last was Strephon about 20 years ago.

Strephon became ill on the boat when travelling in the hot



"I have called to interview your hot trumpeter."

weather through the Mediterranean.

He did not strike his Australian form.

The last horse to be brought from England for a specific race was Spam, which contested the Melbourne Cup.

But neither Spam nor Strephon were transported in racing condition.

Spam came here after a spell and Jim Bendrodt had the job of getting him into racing condition.

Bendrodt did the job well, but Melbourne Cup day was hot and sultry and Spam was so disturbed by the heat that he was "beaten before the race."

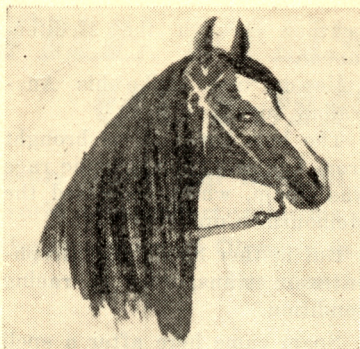
DERBY DOUBTS

THE twelfth Lord Derby, who, as he dined on the night of May 14, 1779, at "Lambers Oaks", at Woodmaisterne, by Epsom Town, suddenly decided that it would be good fun to run a race for three-year-old fillies. He had done much the same a year before—the first Oaks that ever were—and it had been good fun. Why not another for colts and fillies? Thus the Derby was born.

J. Wentworth Day, prominent English turf writer, has written the history of that race. Several weeks later the rumour was abroad that Bend Or might be disqualified, because he was not Bend Or but, really, Tadcaster, a colt which had become mixed with Bend Or when they were being transferred from Eaton, the Duke of Westminster's place to Newmarket, thence to Russley.

"Shall I boil the missionary?" asked the cannibal cook.

"Boil him?" cried the chief. "Are you crazy? That's a friar."



THE DARLEY ARABIAN, one of the three ancestors of all the world's Thoroughbreds

ARABS have jealously guarded the purity of the blood strains of their horses for more than 1,300 years. Some Arab historians claim that the five great strains of Arab blood (the Khamsa, or the Five) now recognised as the purest of the pure, descend from five mares owned by Solomon. (The Arab takes his pedigree from the mare, and not the stallion, as do Western horses).

Others say that Mohammed selected the five foundation mares of the five strains and marked them with his thumb-mark.

Doubtful as that legend may be, it is a fact that the so-called Prophet's Thumbmark appears on many pure Arab horses to this day. It is an irregular growth of hair on the horse's neck, circular in shape, with hair radiating from the centre. The hair appears as if it had been flattened by an impression.

The Arabs, and many Westerners who possess thoroughbred Arabians with that mark, claim that they are exceptionally good animals.

THE ARAB HORSE IN HISTORY

The King of the Yemen (Imam Ahmed) has presented two magnificent Arab horses to Queen Elizabeth. This is truly a Royal gift, for a thoroughbred horse is an Arab's most valued possession — understandably so (wrote "Sydney Daily Telegraph").

WHATEVER the origin of the Arab strain, they have certainly been kept pure, and they are the fountainhead of the best equine blood in the world to-day.

Every racehorse listed in the accepted Stud Books of the world traces back in the male line to three Oriental horses. The three were the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin Arabian or, some claim, Godolphin Barb.

With those three sires—the Arab, the Turk, and the Barb—and mares of predominantly Oriental descent, English breeders created a distinct breed, the English Thoroughbred. To-day all racing thoroughbreds all over the world—in North and South America, in Europe, in Australia and all the other Dominions—are descended from the English Thoroughbred.

The Elite

In the history of British racing there have been three outstanding Thoroughbred families, known as the Eclipse, the Matchem and the Herod lines.

Easily the most famous is the Eclipse—the line from which many famous Australian racehorses, including the mighty Ajax, David, Peter Pan, Hall-

mark, Comic Court, and Chat-ham sprang.

Eclipse was a great-grandson of the Darley Arabian. Eclipse's dam Spiletta had as her grand-sire, on her sire's side, the Byerly Turk.

Due to the skill and management of English breeders during 400 years, to the English climate and to its pastures, the original Oriental strain has produced, in the Thoroughbred, a breed of horses that can easily outmatch in speed the best horses to be found in the East to-day—pure Arabs and all.

YEARS ago racing enthusiasts in England and in India found that the Thoroughbred would always beat the Arab, no matter what extra weight, in reason, the Thoroughbred was given.

In 1884 a pure Arab named Asil won a race staged by the English Jockey Club for pure Arabs. The following year Asil was beaten by 20 lengths in a three-mile race by a Thoroughbred, Iambic, a very moderate performer, who carried 4 stone 7 lb. more than Asil.

According to most researchers into the subject, modern horses all stem from two main groups—the lighter, warm-

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ARAB HORSE

From Page 8

blooded variety is of Oriental origin, and the heavier, cold-blooded variety is of European origin.

The Arabs, the Turks, the Barbs (from North Africa), and some other horse breeds derive from the first group, and the Clydesdale, Percherons, Suffolks and their kind from the second group.

Oriental Breeds

All Oriental breeds are believed to have had as a common ancestor the primitive wild horse that roamed the grasslands of Asia in prehistoric times.

Nomads first domesticated the wild horse and used him for transport and for war.

By 2000 B.C. the Babylonians were using the horse as a charger and as a transport animal. The Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, are credited with having introduced the domestic horse into Egypt about 1700 B.C.

But the nomad Arabs were undoubtedly the first to improve the breed and have continued to improve its blood lines down to this day.

The five purest strains the Arabs recognise to-day—the Khamsa — are the Kehilan, which is the most numerous, the Seglawi, the Abeyan, the Hamdani, and the Habdan.

Other Strains

There are 16 other strains of pure Arab blood, but the Five are regarded as the elite among the strains.

Though for many centuries Arab breeders kept no written stud books, they carefully maintained the strains pure down through the years. Various tribes concentrated on keeping one or other of the strains.

BACK PLAY IN CRICKET

CORRESPONDENT wrote the "Manchester Guardian" (England): Mr. Holliday says it seems as though there is too much emphasis on "back-play" to-day. I do not agree. Going back is one thing, playing back is another. I am afraid Mr. Holliday is confusing the two, and again I am afraid that our English batsmen with two or three exceptions are going back not playing back.

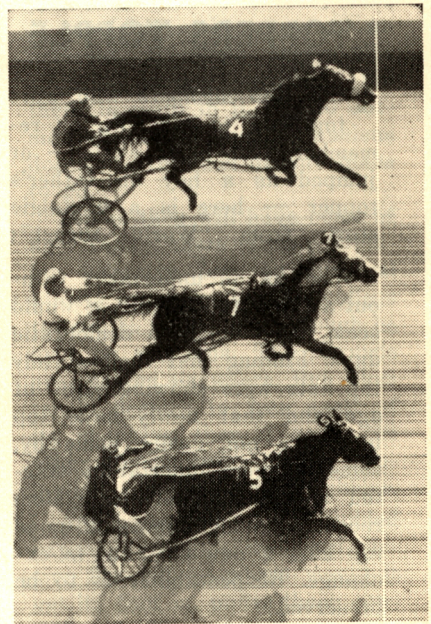
This is the failing of our batting to-day. Why? It is the cult of the straight back lift, so generally taught in our schools, as against the lift coming up from the direction of third man, adopted by all the great stroke players of the past and by Australian sides at present.

Dr. Evatt Quoted

Those who adopt the former go-back with the feet square to bowler are foot tied, and their on-side play and hooking are restricted; the position is ugly — a sure sign that the technique is wrong. The lift from third man enables the player to move his feet freely and to play any stroke from the late cut to the hook, and the poise and balance are pleasing. I first saw back play by A. C. MacLaren playing George Hirst in his first Lancashire and Yorkshire match at Old Trafford. How impressive; I never forgot it.

The best suggestion I have seen was contained in an article in the 1949 "Wisden" by the Right Hon. H. V. Evatt, Leader of the opposition in the Com-

monwealth House of Representatives. This is what he said: "If I were asked to sum up some of the differences between the England and Australian sides, I would say the Australian has succeeded because of his greater exploitation of all the on-side strokes. I would again ask: Why can he exploit them? 'It is all in the backlift.'" The sooner our coaches change from the stiff, stodgy method to the natural one the better for English cricket. And remember, if a player is playing you back well, he is playing you easy.



Only triple dead-heat in American harness race history at Freehold, New Jersey, last year. Although the original photo finish print has been greatly reduced in this picture, the head numbers are still easily discernible. The photo shows Patchover (4), Payne Hall (7) and Penny Maid (5) hitting the line together.

Courtesy "Trotting Life"

THE BIG CLOCK

(In the Club Room)

*With stately tick and rhythmic tock,
Tireless the toll of the Club Room clock.
No one to hurry it; no one to flurry it.
Tick — — — tock . . .
Seeming the idling hours to mock.*

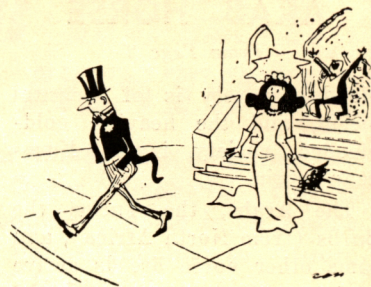
*Whether you dream in a lounge chair here,
Easy your mind, or fretted with fear,
The clock isn't caring how you are faring —
Whether you win or take the knock.
Tick — — — tock . . .*

*Do you ever pause to think, my friend,
That Time speeds on? As you near the end
How the tick-a-tock of the Club Room clock
In muffled blast
Fainter grows as you near the last?*

* * *

*Time is fleeting, life is brief.
Take ye share of joy or grief —
Regardless which the clock will be
Ticking when we're in eternity.*

—CARO



"George! You're not giving it a fair trial!"

Woman driver, giving indecipherable hand signal, tells companion: "I give them the kind of signal they expect from a woman driver; that makes them real cautious and I never have accidents."

TOPPERS TOPPLE

YOU club members who wore top hats to theatres, or remember their being worn — or jumped as a boy on father's topper — here is a nostalgic story from "World Digest":

What is an undertaker without a top hat? Nothing, it would seem, even in these democratic days. Finding that their stately top hats were showing signs of age and that newly-made top hats are not easily come by, some Glasgow undertakers started a new-hats-for-old system recently, giving donors of good top hats a new soft hat in exchange. Respectability is to be preserved!

We need not think the top hat the emblem of stuffy decorum, for it began in a street scene which led to court proceedings.

Back in January 1797, John Heatherington, a daring haberdasher, was brought up before the Lord Mayor of London on

BULLDOZERS and power shovels invaded the arena of the Melbourne Cricket Ground in September to prepare the ground for the Olympic Games. Camera-men recorded their assault on the famous central cricket pitch where the giants of half a century's Test matches have delighted generations of cricket lovers.

Next Column

a charge of breach of the peace and inciting a riot.

It was alleged he appeared on the highway "wearing what he called a Silk Hat — a tall structure having the shiny lustre calculated to frighten timid people." It was reported that several women fainted at the sight, dogs yelped, and children screamed. The Lord Mayor made Mr. Heatherington deposit £500, to be forfeited if he repeated his rash performance.

IT ISN'T CRICKET

Contractors are carrying out a huge earthmoving job to correct a 7 ft. slope from north to south. They are removing 15,000 tons of soil and replacing it with mountain soil carefully selected for its porous qualities. This and underground cinders "drains" 20 ft. to 30 ft. wide will make the arena almost weather-proof.

Foundations for the tracks for next year's Olympic track and field events are being laid during the operation. The whole arena will then be grassed. The turf will be stripped off the foundations and the final three-inch running surface will be laid for the Games.

Committee: A group of the unfit, appointed by the unwilling to do the unnecessary.

Bob Hope asked a GI if he had had any combat experience and he said. "No, I'm single".

"I Was a Paid Amateur"

Follow the candid confessions of probably one of the greatest tennis players ever to win amateur titles in world class and is now the world's greatest professional player, besides organising professional tournaments.

WHEN I was amateur tennis champion of the United States in 1946 and 1947, I wasn't an amateur. That means exactly what it says. I took money for playing tennis — over and above expenses and transportation. At the same time, I was in the employ of a Los Angeles concern in a public-relations capacity for what was then a pretty fair salary.

I am a reasonably good public-relations man, I think, but it was more than circumstance that the concern happened to be owned by a major sporting-goods outfit, writes "the Digest of World Reading".

That was how it was, and to this day I cannot see how it could have been otherwise—or how it can ever be otherwise under present conditions, except in the rare cases of those amateur stars who are financially independent.

Being Paid

This will be news to the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, whose governing body, had it known I was being paid by tournament sponsors, would have thrown me out of the game on my head.

The Australians have faced up to the matter in practical fashion. Their stars have long been subsidized by sporting-goods houses. The Russians are even more forthright. Their vaunted Olympic trackmen are underwritten by the Soviet government, and — in the absence of any really definitive interna-

tional charter — remain amateurs.

But here in the U.S., at least two categories of amateur athlete — big-time footballers are the others — either go down the line for an outmoded set of ethics or are stigmatized to some degree.

No, it is not subsidization that is bad. It is the fact that one must take the subsidy under the table, so to speak.

Not Ashamed

But this I must make clear once more; I was not then and I am not now ashamed of having taken the money. I was and I am sorry only that I could not take it with the world looking on and a secret from no one. Tennis was as much my business then as now, and various pressures, mostly admirable because they were patriotic, were exerted on me to keep it my business. Well and good.

Naturally, I was as anxious as anyone to have the Davis Cup in this country, to have the U.S. flag wave high at Wimbledon, to keep my nation's prestige in tennis foremost in the world. But I didn't want it enough to sacrifice the needs of my wife and son in the process. There had to be "a way" — and there was.

Can we take the hypocrisy out of amateur tennis? The answer is yes.

And the feasible method is the open tournament.

The open tournament inevitably will come to tennis sooner or later, as it has long since come to golf. And when this happens, tennis will enter a period of dynamic expansion.

For open tournaments mean prize money, and prize money is as clean and candid a reward as there is.

Top Amateurs

How does that affect the top amateurs? It affects them thus:

The very best presumably would turn pro. The inducement would be sufficient. It is common locker-room talk today that to turn pro would be foolish, since a man can make more as an amateur. In some cases, this may be merely cynicism, but there is truth in it. A pro outside the small touring nucleus doesn't have much of any place to go.

Tennis then will have come of age. Today, there is no particular incentive for your natural athlete in high school or college to turn to tennis, even though he may be a genius. The rewards are greater elsewhere. But when tennis decides to free itself of its shackles, then it joins the other sports under all-out promotion, a major goal to achieve.

And hypocrisy — the padded expense account, the semi-furtive flat fee — where would it get its foot in, under these conditions? The money's on the table now. Prize money. The sponsor no longer needs the player. The player needs him. And there is scarcely a doubt that USLTA regulation would clip any potential chisellers.

This is the way tennis must go.

THE ENGLISH QUEEN WHO KEPT A STUD

Queen Anne is dead—and, as historians have informed, took an unconscionably long time in dying—but she was in life quite a figure on the turf.

ABOUT the time the Darley Arabian arrived in Yorkshire there was an extraordinary rivalry among the wealthy noblemen, and the newlycome merchant princes, to get possession of Eastern blood for their studs; and soon this eagerness spread throughout the whole of England, and to this circumstance is chiefly due the immense improvement that took place in the breed of horses during the early quarter of the 18th century.

Queen Anne, having come to the throne in 1702, carried on a large stud at Hampton Court. She had a big string of horses in training, regularly attended the race meetings, and was present when the new course at Ascot was opened in 1711.

A horse that was destined to become famous was now making his mark at the stud. He was not without his little bit of romance, as he had been the charger of Captain Byerley during King William's campaign in Ireland. This horse and his master narrowly escaped capture on the banks of the Boyne. Luckily, the Turk escaped, and lived to be known as the Byerley Turk, one of the foundation sires of the British thoroughbred.

Handy Horses

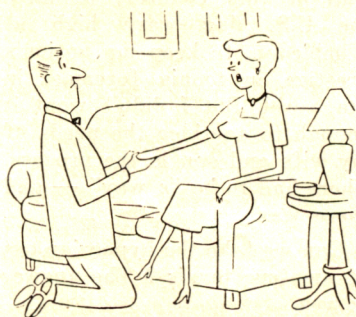
During the reign of Anne, racing was carried on extensively, and to show how hardy the horses must have been, they were required to run for Her Majesty's Gold Cup, of 100 guineas, four heats, each four

miles, and to carry 12st. each, the horses to be six years old. This happened in 1714.

It seems that in the short period that had elapsed since the death of Charles II, (1685) that the horse was developing at an astonishing rate, and this was undoubtedly due to the use of the imported sires. We have seen the happy chance that gave England the Darley Arabian and the Byerley Turk, but there was still another sire whose romantic history was as striking as that of the other two.

Godolphin Barb

This is the horse known as the Godolphin Barb. He is said to have been sent to Louis XV, as a present from the Emperor of Morocco; but the French did not seem to think much of him, and he found his way to the shafts of a Paris watercart, from which he was rescued by Mr. Coke, who brought him to England and presented him to Mr. Williams, who kept St. Jame's Coffee House, and by



"Please be brief. Others are waiting."

him he was presented to the Earl of Godolphin for stud purposes. More by chance than purpose he became the sire of Lath, one of the best horses of the time.

He was a brown horse, about 15 hands, and he was thought to have been foaled about 1724. To this day it is disputed whether this horse was a Barb or an Arab. The fact that he came from Morocco, that he was 15 hands high, and that he had round drooping quarters and not the typical flat croup and high-set tail of the Arab, make many accept him as a Barb. He is buried near Cambridge, and the inscription on his tombstone calls him an Arabian. Richard Berenger Gentleman of the Horse to George III, emphatically denies that the famous horse was an Arabian. He has come down in history as the third foundation sire of the thoroughbred.

WONDER DRUG

THERE is an Equine Research Station at Newmarket where scientists fight disease in thoroughbred stock.

Happy Laughter was taken out of training in her two-year-old days due to an attack of sinusitis. Only remedy was the American drug, aureomycin. After the British Government refused to supply the filly, the Irish Government stepped in to save the daughter of Royal Charger.

Three months later Happy Laughter won the English One Thousand Guineas and was acclaimed champion filly of her year.

Another job to fall the way of the Equine Research Station was the examination of Tulyar before his purchase for the Irish National Stud.

SOCCER WILL BE HIGHLIGHT AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Soccer football will receive the greatest boost of all time through next year's Olympic Games. Sixteen top world teams will compete for one of the most hotly contested of all Olympic titles.

TWENTY-EIGHT nations have entered the Olympic soccer competition, and twelve will be eliminated in the preliminary knock-out competitions. The twenty-eight countries are Afghanistan, Australia, Bulgaria, Cambodia, Republic of China, Nationalist China, Egypt, Great Britain, Ethiopia, West Germany, Hungary, India, Iran, Israel, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, Mexico, Philippines, Poland, Roumania, Siam, Turkey, United States, Russia, Vietnam, Yugoslavia and East Germany.

Must Combine

East Germany's entry was conditional on the International Olympic Committee recognising the East German Olympic Committee. This it has refused to do and East Germany must now combine with West if it wishes to compete.

Before August, 1956, a series of preliminary matches will be played to decide the final 16 to compete in Melbourne. Four countries Australia, India, Poland and Siam have drawn byes in these preliminary matches and will go directly into the Olympic competition.

In these early matches there are some very interesting meetings. Russia will play tiny Israel, Bulgaria will play Great Britain, and top-teams Yugoslavia and Roumania will also meet.

At present, in Australia, interest in soccer is reaching new

heights through the continuous influx of New Australian players, and visits of international teams.

IN Melbourne, where the 1956

Olympic soccer will be played, sixteen different nationalities have soccer teams playing in local competitions. Polish, Yugoslavian, Italian, Maltese, Czechoslovakian and Greek teams are playing here, with an average spectator attendance of 10,000 people each week-end.

The final will be played on the Melbourne Cricket Ground, and a full Stadium crowd of over 100,000 is expected. More than 50,000 tickets have been sold already. The semi-finals and third-fourth matches will also be played on the Main Stadium, and the preliminary matches on the new soccer oval at Olympic Park. This oval, already completed, has been constructed over the past year on the site of the previous Olympic Park running track.

May Tour Australia

After the Olympics, some soccer teams may tour Australia. The Australian Soccer Association is now contacting all 28 of the teams which have entered the Olympic soccer competition to find out whether any of them will tour Australia after the Games. I am quite sure that several teams will accept and this will give northern and western soccer-followers a

chance to see the world's best in action.

Olympic soccer reaches exceptionally high standards, because it is played on a straight knock-out competition. If a team loses the first match it plays in Melbourne, then it drops out of the Olympic soccer competition. With such a drastic penalty for losing, the competition is really keen, and spectators can be assured of seeing some brilliant play. Australia's chances in such fine company are not better than fair.

Expect Good Showing

Australia has not yet entered an Olympic soccer competition, but touring international teams have shown that as yet we are not up to top world standards. Additional periods of training and sounder coaching methods will probably be employed on our Olympic team, and we expect it to make a good showing, but we are not expecting a win in the Olympics. We may have to wait a little later for that.

CLAY PIGEONS

AN ORDER for 20 Clay Pigeon traps for Olympic clay pigeon shooting competitions has been placed with a Swedish firm, H. Lindens Lerduvefabrik, by the Olympic Organising Committee. Stronger imported traps are necessary to comply with an international rule that the clay bird ejected by the trap must be thrown 77 yards. Traps used in Australia throw the bird 55 yards. A new clay pigeon shooting range will be built at the Laverton Royal Australian Air Force Station, 15 miles from the city for the Olympic competition.

WE OWE OUR CRICKET TO BISCUITS

If English-speaking people of the 19th century had not had a liking for biscuits, we may not have had the Australia-English cricket Tests wrote Sydney George Ebert in "Digest of Digests".

PROBABLY nothing has helped to bind Australia and England more than the cricket Test series which are played regularly between the two countries. And we owe the introduction of the series to two Melbourne biscuit manufacturers.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the men who made the biscuits, in 1861, sent a representative, W. B. Mallam, to England, to negotiate with the Honorary Secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club, regarding sending an English cricket side to Australia. Spiers and Pond guaranteed £7,000 to meet the expenses of the visit.

The Record

The result was a visit to Australia in 1862, by 12 professionals, under H. H. Stephenson, of Surrey. The venture was an enormous success. It was Scene I, Act I, of the never-ending drama of the Australia-English relationship on the cricket oval; of the strengthening of the ties between the two countries—ties which will never be broken.

The visitors played twelve matches against teams of 18 and 22. They won 6, lost 2 and drew 4, and everybody parted as friends.

Two years later, England sent out another team, under George Parr. Parr's tourists were undefeated in 16 matches against teams of 22. That tour cemented cricket's popularity in Australia.

Then, nine years later, Eng-

land's cricket colossus, W. G. Grace, received a request from the Melbourne Club, respectfully inviting him to bring out a team at the end of the year. The sporting Doctor accepted.

The Two Graces

Dr. Grace's team consisted of twelve players, including his brother, G. F. Grace. They lost only three matches in fifteen, all played against odds, but there was a lot of friction between players and officials. The English and Australian conceptions of what was cricket, did not coincide. The Lonsdale Library Volume on Cricket suggests the difference between that international cricket of eighty years ago and the Test series of today.

As to wickets, it was thought enough, here and there, to choose and prepare the pitch on the morning of the match, and turf was not always of the best, with the result that in one match a slow ball stuck in the dust and never reached the batsman, and in another a bushel of pebbles was swept up before play could begin.

A Rumour

Before the arrival of the team, someone had started a rumour that W. G. had wagered £500 to £50 that he wouldn't be bowled in Australia. No doubt the rumour was false. When H. F. Boyle took his leg stump in the opening match against Victoria, the yells and cooees of

the hillites echoed from Phillip Bay almost to the Dandenongs.

Dr. Grace was suitably impressed by Australian bowling at least. Saying goodbye to Boyle, he spoke with the voice of prophecy when he said: "If you ever come to England and your bowlers are as good there as they are here, you will make a name for yourselves."

The Doctor was obviously a good judge. Spofforth, Grimmett, Mailey, O'Reilly and others proved the correctness of his statement in later years.

THE England-Australia series actually was initiated with James Lillywhite's visit in 1876, after his tour of New Zealand. The three previous touring sides hadn't played a Test game. After Lillywhite's eleven had been defeated by fifteens from both New South Wales and Victoria, it was decided that the colonial cricketing boys were ready to meet their seniors on equal terms. After a heated argument between N.S.W. and Victoria as to the venue, the latter State won the verdict.

The Demon

Spofforth, the Demon bowler, was not in the Australian Eleven, as he had declined to play in the absence of the wicket-keeper, Murdoch, who hadn't been selected. Spofforth had declared that Murdoch was the only 'keeper competent to take his bowling.

Despite the absence of the best bowler in the world, the locals, captained by the first of the famous Gregory's, D.W., won that initial level-handed match by 45 runs. Charles Bannerman scored 165, and thus became the first player to score a century in Test Cricket.

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'ROOS IN FIELD

From Page 14

Australians did not know much about the preparation of wickets. At Adelaide the authorities declined to use the roller for fear of bruising and killing the grass. At Ararat, the only roller available was a wooden one and it was a mere 10 inches in diameter. At Goulburn, N.S.W., the out-fielders were supplemented by a couple of young, active kangaroos.

Before leaving for home, Lillywhite convinced Australian authorities of the wisdom of sending a team to England. He even offered to undertake the financial responsibility of the tour. The following English spring—of 1878—was selected as touring time.

The sponsors of the first official Australian tour in England were James Lillywhite, acting as match-making agent, and J. Conway, of Melbourne, who was tour manager. David Gregory was captain. He was one of the remarkable seven brothers, five of whom played for New South Wales. He was uncle of both Syd and J. M. Gregory.

Wot, No Abos?

Most cricket-loving Englishmen had expected to find that Gregory's team was a tribe of aborigines. The story is told that the Rev. Arthur Ward, a keen cricket enthusiast, strolled up to a friend of his who was sitting with Australian bowler, Spofforth. "Well, so I hear you are going to play against the niggers on Monday," drawled the Reverend.

People are very open minded about new things — so long as they're exactly like the old ones.

THE ORIGINAL MR. FARMER

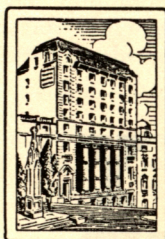
For a number of years old-time drapers of Sydney carried out successful race meetings on a course at Petersham, and afterwards at Homebush. Turning over pages of "The Sportsman's Calendar" of 1845, I came across a name familiar to us in this generation—that of Farmer, original of the present firm of Farmer and Co. Ltd. Mr. Farmer won a double at the Drapers' meeting at Homebush on January 27, 1845. In the Ladies' Purse he rode his black gelding, Bother 'Em, winning comfortably, with Mr. Fawcett's Cock Robin second. In the Beaten Purse, Mr. Farmer won on Escape.

Profits of that meeting were presented to the manager of the Benevolent Asylum. Who knows but thereby benefited some husbands reduced to near-penury by fashionable wives?

SPORTSMAN

FROM a member: Recently I sat in on a discussion as to the definition of "sportsman," a term of lavish use to-day, but one which in its honest application embodies a tribute second to none. Here are selections from the discussion:—

One who knows how to win one day and lose the next . . . One who keeps on playing the game according to the rules after he has been "dealt with" by his playfellows. . . . One who legs-up someone in need without rushing to the microphone One who says: "There may be another side to the story." . . . A hard man, maybe, but a just man. . . . One who doesn't sneak out of a moral liability through a loophole.



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HE PLAYED IT DIRTY IN ALL-IN SCRAPS

The story of rough-house fighter Harry Greb, middleweight champion of the world, who has a decision over Gene Tunney, was told by Ray Mitchell in "Digest of Digests".

WHEN it came to dirty fighting, you couldn't go past Harry Greb, middleweight champion of the world from 1923 to 1926. It Harry could hit his opponents in the ribs with his elbows, or dig a thumb in his eye, then that was all right for Harry. And he got away with it mostly, too, because he was so fast and kept close to opponents, that the referee often missed the illegalities.

Maxie Learnt

Maxie Rosenbloom, former light-heavyweight champion of the world, once told me that

he learned more about what could be done with the boxing glove, the laces, the elbow and the head, when he fought Harry Greb, than he ever learned in a tally of over 400 fights.

But one night Harry met Mickey Walker, a rough, tough, but good fighter who held two world titles in his time, fought for a third and tried to work his way up to a fourth. Mickey had Irish antecedents and maybe that was why Greb did not get it all his own way.

Everyone knew that one was going to be rough. Even if you were not a fight fan, the noms de guerre of the two glove warriors would make you wonder. Greb was "the Pittsburgh Windmill", while Walker relished in the title, "The Toy Bulldog". Only Mickey wasn't anyone's toy—he was a deadly weapon!

The rough stuff started early. Greb started it — so Walker says. Greb indignantly stated that Walker started it. No one seems quite sure. But both got sore eyes from the thumbs of the gloves, both had red weals around the kidneys.

Aftermath

Greb got the verdict and the two departed to a nightclub to ease their pains by the internal injections of alcohol. They did not go together, but they did meet there.

And they quite happily bought each other a drink. They laughed and talked together and all seemed well—until they left the club and hailed a taxi. Then

Next Page

For Quality Meat . . .

HENRY WOOLFE

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346 NEW SOUTH HEAD ROAD, DOUBLE BAY
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ALBERTO MEAT EMPORIUM,
66a DARLINGHURST ROAD, KINGS CROSS

'Twas A Hectic Fight

From Page 16

Walker said: "You know, Harry, I won that fight to-night."

"You won it!" exploded Greb. "Why I'd beat the living daylight out of you any time you say the word."

Walker immediately proceeded to take off his coat—and Greb hit him when he had it half off.

IF their fight at the stadium had been hectic, it was nothing on this one; everything went. It was even-Stephen, take your pick, when a large man in blue loomed up. The police officer knew both and he sent them home like chastened schoolboys.

A Warning

"And if I see either of you outside your homes again to-night," warned the officer, "I'll run you both in."

Each fighter went home to his hotel, but Greb was worried. He had asked his manager to look after his girl until he got away from the stadium, and he did not trust his manager where girls were concerned.

The manager had heard of the fracas outside the nightclub and he told Greb: "Sorry, Harry, but you can't get out. I'll look after your girl for you and see she gets home safely."

Greb protested.

"If you come out," said the manager, "I'll tell Officer Grady."

So Greb had to stay in his hotel. He lost his girl.

Great Record

Greb loathed training. So he fought as often as possible to keep fit. He fought about 300 times in 14 years, one year taking part in 41 contests. He

fought all the good ones and remains the only fighter to beat Gene Tunney.

Why he fought dirty no one knows, because he had the ability to win his fights by the rules. But the dirt came back like a boomerang. Someone had stuck a finger in his eye and he had an operation on it to restore his sight. He died after the operation, on October 22,



1926, aged 32. And strangely, the man who took his title from him—Tiger Flowers—also died following an eye operation, 13 months later, at the same age.

Correspondent wanted to know of whom it was written that he "turned the single-stringed instrument into the many-chorded lyre." The elegant phrase was applied to W. G. Grace. It occurs in Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book of Cricket."

GALLOPING

Member says: Why some horses gallop anti-clockwise better than others I leave to men in the game to argue about. I do not know of any natural law to account for such preferences in method and in style. But I do know of a billiard player who handles his cue with his right hand and a schooner with his left. Some men prefer to talk with their tongues in the cheeks. A woman who soothes your brow with her soft right hand may just as likely take up a flat iron with her raw left. So it goes on, even to a horse occasionally winning on three legs.

A MEMORY

Jimmy Farrell, Irish international forward in the British R.U. team of 1930, bred thoroughbreds on his farm in the Old Sod. Greatest product of his stud was a winner of the Cesarewitch Stakes — a famous English race of two and a quarter miles.

"But, gentlemen," said the Irish studmaster, "'twas unfortunate that I should sell th' colt as a yearling." It was suggested that the price would be, at least 5,000 guineas. "Not at all," Farrell retorted, "It was a phaltry £50." Then Jimmy explained this seeming show of Irish generosity, or plain lack of judgment. "We were both dhrunk at th' time, but the buyer he was not quite so dhrunk as I, to be sure."

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NEWCASTLE TRIP WAS A REAL BOOMER

THE visit to Newcastle will long be remembered by members fortunate enough to make the trip. Our hosts entertained us lavishly from early morning until midnight, and what entertainment!

In a specially chartered plane 21 members made the trip, under the watchful eye of Team-manager Ken Williams, assisted by irrepressible Alan Turner, who had the boys in a state of jitters from take off until landing. On arrival at Williamtown we were driven to the City Bowling Club for lunch and the game.

The Score Board

Results: H. Fay, L. Williams, P. Schwarz, (T.), 19; J. McKenzie, C. Giles, R. Cumming (N.), 22; F. Empson, N. Hough, Bill McDonald (T.), 40; E. Bain, E. Smith, C. Comins (N.), 18; E. Abbott, F. Vockler, Alan Turner (T.), 37; R. Sanderson, A. Tiernan, G. Fitzpatrick (N.), 7; C. Cohen, A. Buckle, G. Booth (T.), 17; A. Curtis, B. O'Donnell, W. Moore (N.), 21; J. Wadsworth, J. K. Monro, K. Ranger (T.), 22; F. Clayton, H. Wilkinson, D. Mackie (N.), 27; J. Keogh, E. A. Davis, Les Fingleton (T.), 25; R. Mahony, T. Sanderson, J. Curtis (N.), 30; J. O'Brien, J. Pick, H. Hill (T.), 20; L. Fines, J. Brennan, P. Doyle (N.), 24.

Bill McDonald and Alan Turner's rinks saved the day for us. Our winning margin was 31 points. The "Chief" and the "Candy Kid" were unbeatable on the day and were able to carry their "Skip" while in Bill's team honours were even. In the evening we wined, dined and danced at the Esplanade

Hotel, and at one stage, owing to climatic conditions, it looked as though we would have to stay the night, but much to the Chief's disgust the weather cleared and the pilot decided to take off at 11 p.m., which left no time for "good-byes" after winning the toss. How unlucky can one be.

The trip home was a little bumpy; that accounted for Jack Keogh standing up the entire journey and not due to the shock he received when he realised Ken Ranger was at the controls. It was generally agreed that Alex Buckle showed sound judgment in chartering a plane. Now it will be recognised that the "Buckle way" is the safe way, although not always the fast way. Of course there is always the tale to tell specially after such a wonderful day in such magnificent company. Not content with calling it a day at Mascot, some of the bright boys decided to kick on.

In Early Hours

In the early hours of the morning the bowler with four bees on his bowls decided to make for home and bed. Being a considerate type, he decided he would not disturb the family but tip-toe through the house without turning on the lights. His goal was almost reached, but, unfortunately, his wife, who is a great lover of pot plants, had decided to bring her treasures into the house owing to the heavy rain. The poor unsuspecting husband cannoned into them. The noise could be heard some distance away. When found he was on all fours amid the shattered

plants with soil all over the carpet.

The Triples Competition is under way and the results of the first matches are as follows:—J. W. Cook, F. Vockler, L. Fingleton, 27; A. Whitford, R. Hastings, F. Kreiger, 16; F. Empson, F. Ahearn, J. Roles, 26; D. Cohen, A. Neustadt, J. Norton, 15; H. Davis, J. Pick, W. McDonald, 19; J. Fox, A. Gillespie, C. Traversi, 15; R. Darch, S. M. Norton, J. O'Neill, 16; A. Mitchell, W. Connelly, K. Ranger, 15; G. Lewis, W. Simpson, H. Hill, 32; H. Fay, T. Dwyer, A. Buckle, 13; G. Levey, D. Passmore, L. Williams, 25; J. Fuller, W. Kelso, E. A. Davis, 16; H. Shaffron, J. McKendrick, P. Schwarz, 31; B. Durkin, M. Watson, J. Irwin, 17.

Welcome

It was nice to see Charlie Traversi back on the Greens again after ten months' trip abroad.

On December 13 our first annual dinner dance was held in the Club. Arrangements were in the hands of our genial Social Secretary and we offer him our heartiest congratulations for a wonderful night. Any night that Alan organises is always a success. The entertainers were first class, but the hit of the night was Arthur (Larry Adler) McDowell. What a find! Terry O'Shea's floor show was good, though unrehearsed, while "Dutch" and "Swannie" can always be relied on to add to the brightness of a night. So another milestone has been reached in the short life of Tattersall's bowling section.

"Thanksgiving Day" was again a huge success. At luncheon, President Gordon Booth welcomed our popular committeeman, Frank Carberry, representing Chairman John Hickey. Frank thanked Tatter-

Next Column

GOODWILL EXCHANGES

sall's bowlers for the cordial invitation, and also sounded the warning that in the near future he would be rolling them down.

President Gordon presented to John Kellaway, president of Double Bay, three beautiful ice-buckets as a mark of appreciation for kindnesses shown throughout the year, and for good measure gave them the "Chief."

John in response thanked Tattersall's for their gifts, especially the "Chief." Little did he know that it would be due to this generosity on the part of our selectors that Double Bay would ultimately run out the winners by 14 points—12 of which were secured by the "Chief."

More Scores

Results: Double Bay, 269, v. Tattersall's, 255; Bunny Durkin, G. Lewis, A. Gillespie, H. Hill (T.), 28; C. McNamara, S. Wilson, A. Smythe, A. Willecock (D.), 14; M. Watson, F. Porter, A. Buckle, K. Ranger (T.), 21; F. Samuel, F. Pfeiffer, H. Siedard, S. Forsyth (D.), 33; R. Ball, C. Cooke, E. A. Davis, W. McDonald (T.), 28; V. Raves, M. Woodforde, O. Triggs, S. Plotkin (D.), 15; J. Phillips, F. A. Harris, S. M. Norton, C. Emanuel (T.), 28; L. Ross, J. Lightfoot, C. Lindstrom, M. Sansom (D.), 25; J. Saulwick, D. Passmore, J. Pick, W. Black (T.), 27; M. Bates, N. Howes, E. Brown, M. Valkenburg (D.), 21; F. Empson, W. Marshall, S. Relton, G. Booth (T.), 29; C. Rose, E. Allen, C. Walker, J. Kellaway (D.), 18; J. Keogh, A. Price, J. Monroe, A. Kippax (T.), 21; H. Eisman, A. Bloom, S. Jacques, S. Humphrey (D.), 36; H. B. Jones, L. A. Harris, C. Cohen, L. Williams (T.), 20; P. Bradfield, G. Searf, J. Lough, W. Bull (D.), 25; J. Gibbs, J. McKendrick, J. Harris, P. Schwarz

(T.), 17; H. Owen, C. Pedler, F. W. Murray, W. Ditchfield (D.), 27; W. Ditchford, G. Brown, G. H. Levey, I. Silk (T.), 17; W. Worling, J. Moutray, H. Walker, C. Wilson (D.), 24; J. Fox, F. Gawler, S. Peters, A. Turner (T.), 19; A. Gale, A. Calder, D. O'Brien, F. Vockler (D.) 31.

It was a happy ending to a grand year. Tattersall's bowlers would like to say a special thank you to Miss Gardiner, as well as to the switchgirls for many favours throughout the year, not forgetting Miss Ethel McWhirter for typing the bowling notes.

People can be placed into three classes: The few who make things happen; the many who watch things happen; and the overwhelming majority who have no idea what has happened.

DROP KICKING

ENZEDS in particular will be happy about the touring British R.U. team's win over South Africa in the first Test by one point because of the circumstances: Failure of the S.A. full back to place kick a shot would have meant a point win for his side. The full back had converted three previously.

N.Z. lost Tests against South Africa in the 20's because of Bennie Ostler's drop-kicking of goals, standing deep at five-eighth within new Zealand's 25 and taking passes from scrums.

In the first Test series after World War II, N.Z. lost a game through the South African full back kicking five goals out of six. He had practised in his playtime while prisoner of war in Germany.

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Swimming

BILL KENDALL HANDED CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY

TOP honours of the swimming month went to Harold Herman when he came with a wet sail to make up a deficit of two and a half points and head Sid Sernack in the last race of the series.

In doing so Harold broke his time and lost a second from his handicap but he was happy to take the trophy and let the future look after itself.

Sernack seems fated not to win a point score, for he has been in the running for the last two, finishing third in one and second in the other.

He had a nice lead in the "Native Son" year's point score but latest figures show that he has lost first position there, too, as Trevor Barrell, swimming consistently, was in front at time of writing with 52½ points to Sernack's 49, with Peter Lindsay 46½, Geoff Eastment 45, Lee Bowes 44½, Cuth Godhard 44, Ralph Corrick 43½ and Geoff Laforest 43, their nearest rivals.

Looks like a thrilling contest with positions fluctuating monthly.

Two events had been swum in the current monthly series and the book shows Geoff Shaw in front, half a point to the good of Trevor Barrell with Laforest and Miller best of the rest.

Back Again

It was good to see Frank Muller back in the races again. He has been on the incapacitated list since the season started but has started in the last two events to win heats in both.

If there's any interference about, Stu Murray always seems to strike it.

Cuth Godhard is so disgusted with himself that he has decided to fine himself a note every time he swims crookedly. Swimming Club funds have benefited already but we'd rather see Cuth swim a straight course than collect his fines.

Two of the most stirring finishes ever were witnessed in the 40 yards finals on December 13. In the first George Goldie won by a clipped finger nail from Trevor Barrell with Peter Lindsay a similar margin away and in the other the judges could not separate Geoff Shaw and Club Champion Bill Kendall.

That day, before racing started, Jack Dexter, on behalf of donor committeeman Alf Collins, presented Bill Kendall with his trophy for winning the Club Championship.

Attendances Up

Attendances at the races are keeping up, the last three attracting 28, 26 and 29 starters.

Best winning times since our last publication: 19.4 and 19.5 (twice) Bill Kendall, 20.2 Carl Phillips, 21.1 Lee Bowes, 21.2 Geoff Laforest.

Members who received "the axe" recently from the handicapper were Harold Herman, Peter Lindsay and George Goldie.

After the Christmas and New Year holidays racing will recommence on Tuesday January 10, with a 40 yards Handicap.

Results

November 29— 40 yards Handicap: H. Herman (27) 1, P. Lindsay (26) 2, T. Barrell (26)

and F. L. Bowes (22) 3. Time 25.2 secs.

December 6— 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap: G. Eastment and G. Laforest (48) 1, T. Barrell and G. Shaw (51) 2, F. Muller and N. Barrell (49) 3. Time 45.4 secs.

December 13— 40 yards Handicap: 1st Division Final — G. Goldie (38) 1, T. Barrell (26) 2, P. Lindsay (25) 3. Time 36.9 secs. 2nd Division Final — G. Shaw (25) 4 and W. Kendall (20) 1, C. Godhard (27) 3. Time 24.4 and 19.4 secs.

November Point Score

This series resulted:— H. Herman 24, 1; S. Sernack 23, 2; P. Lindsay 21½, 3; G. Eastment 21, 4; F. L. Bowes, T. Barrell 20½, 5; R. Corrick 19, 7; G. Godhard 17½, 8; S. Murray 17, 9; A. Allsop, F. Harvie and G. Boulton 16, 10; G. Laforest and A. McCamley 15, 13; G. Shaw 14, 15; J. Shaffran 13, 16; J. O. Dexter 12, 17.

December-January Point Score

With two events to complete it, the leaders in this series were:— G. Shaw 14½, T. Barrell 14, G. Laforest 12, F. Muller 11, P. Lindsay and N. Barrell 10, Dr. C. L. Bear 9, C. Godhard, J. O. Dexter and F. L. Bowes 8½, G. Goldie, A. McCamley, J. Harris and G. Eastment 8, J. Shaffran, C. Bowes, S. Sernack, V. Thicknesse and W. Kendall 7.

"Native Son" Point Score

At 15th December the leaders in this series for all points scored during the season were: T. Barrell 52½, S. Sernack 49, P. Lindsay 46½, G. Eastment 45, F. L. Bowes 44½, C. Godhard 44, R. Corrick 43½, G. Laforest 43, H. Herman 41, Dr. C. L. Bear 40, J. O. Dexter 38½, S. Murray 38, H. E. Davis 37½, G. Shaw 36½, F. Harvie 34½, C. Bowes and A. Allsop 34, R. Harris and N. Barrell 32½, A. McCamley 31, M. Sellen and J. Shaffran 30.

RANDWICKIA ASSIZES:

A Comedy

HORSE caught grazing on a public thoroughfare is led into a meeting of Randwickia Council, attached to a dray.

Town Clerk: Prisoner in the shafts, you stand charged that you did between 11 p.m. and dawn on —

Orderly: Stop that kickin' an' tail swishin' in th' presence of aldermen.

Town Clerk: H'm! Prisoner in the shafts, the charge is that you were caught picking from the footpaths of Maroubria, within the municipality of Randwickia, a natural growth; to wit, grass. How do you plead? Kindly remove your blinkers. There is no danger of your being recognised in public by any of the aldermen.

Dobbin's Wisdom

"Well, it's this way, yer horsewhip — I mean yer worship", the horse began. "The cost of livin' has more or less drawn the rein on us all. Oats that were once — whatever it was — are now 50 per cent. dearer — whatever it is.

The Mayor: Stop that tail swishing and kicking up the council's plush carpet.

The horse: When I sees the choice pickin' along the streets in Maroubria I sez: "Dobbin, you can't afford to buy oats and th' council can't afford to have th' grass cut. Now, here's a good chance of doing a good turn f'r yerself an' th' council. Tonight's th' night.

Pausing to drink from a bucket proffered by the Orderly, Dobbin continued: "I noticed th' pound-keepers 'orse on a similar mission before. Why should

there be a monopoly in democratic Randwickia?"

The Mayor (to the Town Clerk): His logic seems unanswerable. I hardly know how to deal with the case. What would they do in Bankstownia or Sutherlandia?

Town Clerk: Probably issue a caution.

The Mayor: Prisoner in the shafts, you are cautioned. Back out.

On the way to work next morning he met the pound-keepers horse, which asked: "How'd yer get on, Dobbin?"

"All right Pincher," Dobbin replied. "They cautioned me".

Pincher: "Wot, no bond? Anyhow, we'll meet tonight. If they attempt further to prevent us mowing the mounting grass, residents sure will send in a petition."

—CARO

MARE FOALS AT 39

C. VERNON SHAW wrote "S.M. Herald" with reference to a letter published about a mare's foaling at 30 years of age:

In a paper on "The Growth and Maturity of Animals," by Dr. E. Crisp, the writer states he knew a Suffolk cart-mare that bred a foal at the age of 39 "Veterinary Review and Stock-owners' Journal," March, 1865).

The "Tartar Mare" was considered to be 34 to 36 years of age when she bred "Queen Mab." "Driver," an Australian mare imported into England, bred "Moss Rose" at 33 ("Standard," December 25, 1893).

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(At Rosehill)

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(At Canterbury)

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ELSON, Norman Wallace ..	Company Director ..	Mosman ..	T. J. Powell ..	Lionel Bloom
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FARREN PRICE, John ..	Bank Officer ..	Manly ..	A. V. Caswell ..	L. D. Trafford
GILBERT, Arthur George	Solicitor ..	Roseville ..	G. W. Tancred ..	F. E. Shepherd, Snr.
Wilson ..	Managing Director ..	Lindfield ..	W. J. Dunlop ..	G. W. Tancred
RYAN, Philip James ..	Company Director ..	Lindfield ..	A. A. Ritchie ..	T. S. Prescott
FOSTER, Kenneth Carlyle ..	Director ..	Northbridge ..	E. A. Westoff ..	V. J. Toohy
BUTCHART, Charles Edward ..	Judge's Associate ..	Waverley ..	Mr. Justice Clancy ..	A. G. Connolly
BYRON, Albert John ..	Chemist ..	Concord West ..	G. Fienberg ..	Lionel Bloom
HOPE, Andrew ..	Sales Manager ..	Wollongong, N.S.W. ..	A. J. Chown ..	J. B. Theodore
McGOWAN, William John ..	Pharmacist ..	Northbridge ..	W. G. Hutchinson ..	Dr. I. L. Bull
KINCHINGTON, Barrie Richard	Company Director ..	Balgowlah Heights ..	C. C. Mitchell ..	S. G. White
FIENBERG, Bennett Jacob ..	Company Director ..	Sydney ..	His Honour Mr. Justice Herron ..	A. J. Chown
ROBINSON, Peter William ..	Importer ..	Vaucluse ..	M. E. Persson ..	V. Richards
STORMON, John Louis ..	Solicitor ..	Darling Point ..	J. Harris ..	K. F. Williams
LANCEY, Thomas Harold ..	Medical Student ..	Sydney ..	Hon. T. G. Murray ..	W. P. McGrath, Snr.
LLOYD, Jack ..	Executive ..	Sydney ..	J. A. Williams ..	R. S. Bailey
COMANS, James Vincent ..	Managing Director ..	Kensington ..	L. J. Haigh ..	W. Mulligan
VANDENBERG, Russell Anthony	Horse Trainer ..	Harbord ..	N. Seamonds ..	E. A. Westoff
NULAND, Lester Hall ..	Associate Director ..	Scone, N.S.W. ..	H. V. Cooper ..	E. C. Harnett
CARHEW, Alan Leslie ..	Shoe Retailer ..			
HAIGH, John Andrew ..				
COX, Frank Eric ..				
TYLER, William Henry ..				

(Continued next issue)

TATTERSALL'S CLUB IN SYDNEY



BEDROOMS



FLOOR
5



DINING ROOM



LOUNGE

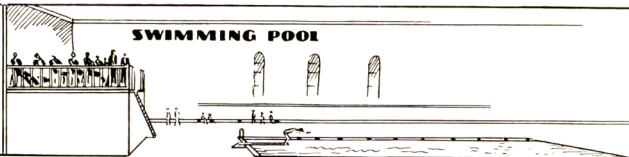


BAR

FLOOR
4



LADIES REST ROOM



SWIMMING POOL

FLOOR
3
me 33.



GYMN. & GAMES



TREATMENT



FLOOR
3



CARD ROOMS



BUFFET & BAR



BILLIARDS



OFFICE & BOARD ROOM

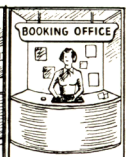
FLOOR
2



CLUB ROOM



BAR



BOOKING OFFICE



BARBER

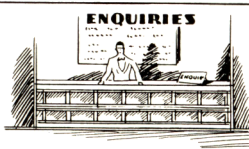


GROCERIES

FLOOR
1



CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE



ENQUIRIES

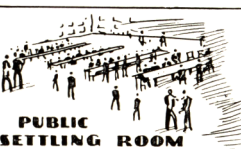


ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE

GROUND
FLOOR



STORE ROOMS



PUBLIC
SETTLING ROOM



SAFE DEPOSIT

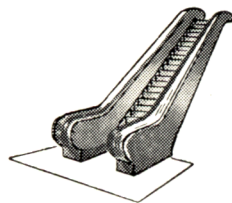
BASE-
MENT

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ESCALATORS

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